

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL. PUBLISHED DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY, BY THE Capital Journal Publishing Company.

HOFFER BROTHERS, Editors. Daily, by carrier, per month, \$1.00; by mail, per year, \$10.00; Weekly, 5 cents, per year, \$5.00.

PROSPEROUS SALEM.

In the face of a year of Pacific coast depression and present hard times Salem is prosperous. The city council last night closed a contract for \$54,000 work on a \$100,000 city mill, and began street improvements which will amount to nearly as much more.

ABOUT THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

The editor of THE JOURNAL is in receipt of the following letters about the location of the soldier's home at Roseburg. Especially do we commend the reading of what Representative Brown says about "Log Rolling." Here are the letters:

CONGRESSMAN HERMANN.

ROSEBURG, July 14, 1893.

ED. JOURNAL: Your favor is at hand. In regard to the sentiment of the people of the county as to the location of the soldier's home I cannot speak advisedly, but it is my impression that general regret is felt that recent proceedings make it doubtful whether the location can be had as determined by the soldier's home commission. I feel assured that it would have pleased our people to have secured this location. What further hope they bore since the decision of the courts, I cannot say.

Very respectfully yours, BINGER HERMANN.

REPRESENTATIVE BROWN.

ROSEBURG, July 15, 1893.

ED. JOURNAL: Your letter of receipt date has received my careful attention. In replying I will endeavor to do so from the standpoint of the people of this county. While the local papers have been very radical in their denunciation of "Salem greed," as they term it, still I think the conservative element of this county, almost to a unit, favor the location of the Soldier's Home at Roseburg. They do not view it from a "constitutional" standpoint. Since the constitutional point has never been raised, and state institutions have been located in various parts of the state, they think it to raise that point now, and that Douglas county is entitled to the Home. Then it will be hard to make them see the matter only through the eyes of self-interest, since its location here will be of general and material interest to the county, and especially to all in the vicinity of Roseburg. There seems to be a strong undercurrent of feeling against Salem, and I am satisfied that should the supreme court sustain the injunction there will be a clamor for the removal of the Capitol itself. I have heard a great many express themselves, and have heard but few express other opinions. However I have heard a few influential men argue that the best interests of the state would be subserved by the enforcement of the constitution.

You see this is a sort of a "log-rolling" process which is hard to stop when once started and I believe most of the state outside of Salem side with Roseburg in this matter whether it be right or wrong. I think if you canvass the matter you will find this to be the general feeling. I have no self interest in the matter and have only tried to state the general feeling. Possibly I may be mistaken somewhat. Very truly, O. C. BROWN.

O. C. BROWN.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN. Has come not a little knowledge as to cooking—what to do, as well as what not to do. Thus we have learned to use COTTOLENE, the most pure and perfect cooking material for all frying and shortening purposes. PROGRESSIVE COOKING is the natural outcome of the age, and it teaches us not to use lard, but rather the new shortening, COTTOLENE, which is far cleaner, and more digestible than any lard can be. The success of Cottolene has called out worthless imitations under similar names. Look out for these! Ask your Grocer for COTTOLENE, and be sure that you get it. Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., ST. LOUIS and WASHINGTON, YORK, BOSTON.

COMPLIMENTS OREGON. Comptroller of Currency McKim unconsistently pays Oregon a high compliment in his statement made in New York Tuesday. He refers to the disasters which have fallen upon the "speculative institutions and boom cities of the states of Washington, California, Colorado, Kansas and Missouri." Taking the states north and south of Oregon as illustrative frightful examples it is surely a compliment not to refer to Oregon. FROM MARION. Mr. and Mrs. Olive Tamplin, of Portland, were visiting relatives here last week. Mrs. W. F. Orem and her daughters, Myrtle and Orlean, from Salem, were visiting relatives and friends here, the first of this week. Frank Wiseman has finished cleaning up his turnip seeds, he has an eye bushel of them. The tannery is now completed and ready for business. H. Forsythe was seen on the street Sunday. He says he expects to be here to work in about a month, preparing to move his saw mill back here. R. H. Rutherford was at the capital last Tuesday doing business. The traveling picture gallery has pitched a tent here again. R. H. Rutherford had a picture of his long maned horse taken a few days ago. Messrs. Goodman and Niemyre have bought a team and hack and expect to start huxter and peddle soon. They have their dwelling completed and have built their chicken houses. N. O. Morris has moved his old horse and is fixing it up for a barn. FROM HUBBARD. L. M. Smith has returned from the East and says times are harder and money closer there than here. Our last communication must have been consigned to the waste basket. John Illig is the happy father of a daughter; regular size and weight. Mr. Dowell has his new barn nearly completed. W. P. McKey has gone into the bee business. Milton Claussin is making his new home blossom on the rose. "Dude" Gleason was in town over Sunday. S. F. Daniels and Alex Coyle are hauling hay from Mrs. Chase's farm. Hop pickers are being inquired for and engaged. Big ball at the armory Friday night July 21. Mr. Cross' little girl came near getting run over by the Roseburg mail train last Tuesday morning. She was caught just in time. FROM BROOKS. A number of Brookstites drove up to Silver Creek Falls Sunday. S. A. Jones started a binder Monday morning, the first one seen in this vicinity. Little Florence Norwood is visiting her sister and friends in this locality this week. Misses Mary Jones and Margie Mudge, of Salem, were guests of Mrs. E. K. Shaw Sunday. Mrs. McCormick and Miss Anna McClard, of Salem came in Tuesday. Miss Bessie Chapman went to Woodburn Saturday. Miss Ione McClard left on the 2 o'clock passenger Sunday for Woodburn. Miss Eva Jones, who spent the past week with Mrs. Shaw, left for Salem Monday morning. Rev. Myers moved into the parsonage Tuesday. Jno. Ridinger purchased a fine new organ this week. P. Bellinger was seen in Brooks Monday. J. W. Shaffer was at home a short time last week. Clark and Walker, carpenters and painters went to Howell Prairie Monday to do some painting on A. McCann's house. Prof. Myers and wife came home Saturday. P. Byron's family visited E. K. S. Sunday. Mr. Dodge visited at Geo. Massey's Sunday. Mr. Brown is with us again for a while. Some of the Brookstites attended the ball game at Gervais Sunday. Louis Savage of Salem Prairie passed through Brooks Tuesday. Mrs. D. Beckner was making calls in Brooks Tuesday. SUGGESTED COMMENT. Dissatisfied with Democracy is the verdict of the business world today. All the energetic business men need to stimulate him to success is a few great big obstacles to overcome.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure...

ACHE. It is the bane of so many lives that here if there we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action cleanse all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for 50. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail, CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

It was Too Much. The hungry sea beat ferociously against the pebbly strand. It had been cheated of its prey. A swartly sailor bent over the prostrate figure of a being whose hair was dripping brine into his eyes and whose breath came and went spasmodically. Presently the being revived. "Where am I?" he gasped. The sailor gazed silently into his pale face. "Am I saved?" demanded the being skeptically. The sailor nodded. "Did you save me?" "Yes." "Here is something for yourself." The being produced a wet \$5 bill. The sailor shook his head. "I have never..." The seaman's countenance was exalted by the light of conscientiousness as he spoke. "Yet accepted more for a service than I thought it was worth." Whereat the being rose painfully from his recumbent posture and gazed over the troubled waters with a hard, dissatisfied look.—Detroit Tribune.

There has not been a time in ten years, if there was ever a time in this country when, if all the people had called for their bank deposits in gold, that they could have secured them. Such a demand would hurt nearly every bank in the whole country, except upon the Pacific coast, where not ten per cent. of the deposits are silver. We have been the-oretically upon a gold basis. As a matter of fact it has been a fiction. It has been a government flit basis founded on public confidence in the stability of our government and the wisely administered liberal finance policy of the Republican party, which afforded elasticity and security for our currency and commercial credits.

From Terminal or Interior Points the Northern Pacific Railroad To all Points East and South. It is the dining car route. It runs through vestibule trains, every day in the year to ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO. (No change of cars.) Composed of dining cars, uncramped, Pullman drawing room sleepers of latest equipment. TOURIST Sleeping Cars. Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and furnished for holders of first and second-class tickets, and ELEGANT DAY COACHES. A continuous line connecting with all lines, affording rest and uninterrupted service. Pullman sleeping accommodations can be secured in advance through any agent of the road. Through tickets to and from all points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any ticket office of this company. Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent or A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, No. 111 First Street, cor. Washington, Portland, Oregon.

LEAVES SALEM from U. P. Dock at 8 o'clock a. m. every Wednesday and Saturday. LEAVES PORTLAND from the Central Dock at foot of Washington street every Sunday and Thursday. LEAVES SALEM for Albany every Monday and Tuesday, returning same days. (Conveying freight and passenger business, call on the agents, AL. HUBBARD.

When Mr. Sawyer of Scranton made his first visit to the city, he saw and heard a great many new and strange things, but he was always wary in his comments. One day his little granddaughter enticed him into a restaurant, and leading him to a small table proceeded to order some oysters, a delicacy of which she was extremely fond. "I know you'll like them, grandpa," she said coaxingly, and the old gentleman bravely attacked the unfamiliar object. "Isn't it delicious, grandpa?" inquired the little girl, seeing a strange expression come over her grandfather's face as he took his first mouthful. "Well, I presume to say it may be," said Mr. Sawyer in a noncommittal tone, "but doesn't it appear to you to be just a little milder under baked in the middle?"—Youth's Companion. "Quick Consumption." In 1855 or 1856 George D. Robinson was a student at Harvard college, whence he frequently went to visit his parents, generally walking to and fro, the distance being about 10 miles each way. He was then a beardless youth, tall and spare, but muscular, and wore a high black silk hat and a black frock suit. His step was long, rapid and elastic, and he strode resolutely along the dusty highway his large, thoughtful, blue gray eyes had an intense, faraway expression, as if even then, nearly 40 years ago, he was striving to fathom the future, which proved to be so full for him of forensic and political triumphs. After he was graduated from Harvard he became a village schoolmaster in what was then the little town of Chicopee, in western Massachusetts, and there continued the course of self denial and indefatigable industry which has since made him famous as lawyer, legislator and chief executive of his native state.—New York Tribune. A Woman Who Proved to Be of Value. Mrs. Laura Orniston Chant, at the congress in Chicago, told an amusing incident illustrating the advantage there may sometimes be in having a woman serve on public boards. In England women are often elected poor law guardians. In one town the board of guardians were highly conservative and were opposed to women on the board, one member objecting especially on the ground that women were incapable of dealing with accounts. Nevertheless a woman was elected, and they were obliged to serve with her. At the next meeting where accounts were to be submitted to the board the lady, in glancing over the paper, said: "Here is a charge of \$4 17s. 8d. (about \$35) for a soup tureen. What does that mean?" She had to explain to them that nobody but a millionaire would be likely to pay such a price for a soup tureen. The gentleman who had declared women unable to understand accounts said in much disgust, "How can you expect me to understand these household details?" She answered quietly: "I don't expect you to understand them. But since you do not, is it not worth while to have some one on the board who does?" It turned out that the guardians had been systematically overcharged for the household supplies furnished, and the addition of that one little woman to the board stopped a great leakage. Like a Gigantic Barrel. For many years Heidelberg university has had the honor of owning the largest barrel, or "tun," as they call it, in the world. They have had the honor, although it does not really belong to them, for Arizona has a barrel that makes theirs fade into insignificance. The one at Heidelberg will not hold liquid; neither will the one in Arizona. In this they are the same, but are different in many other ways. Arizona's barrel is the work of nature, and it is on a high peak of mountain, about five miles from Aguas Calientes, which is in the Catalina mountains, about 16 miles from a railroad. The barrel is one of those peculiar rock formations and is about 300 feet high, and the top of it is at least 2,000 feet above the valley. It can be seen, a few miles before the traveler gets to it, and its appearance is most deceiving. It requires no effort of the imagination to see the large utensil of Bacchus perched on its peak with a glass under a faucet as if ready to be filled. A large fissure in a certain spot forms a bung-hole. It does not look like a barrel unless seen from the plain; on all other sides it is simply a rugged rock. It is a soft granite formation of volcanic origin and is crumbling to pieces all the time. It is so soft that half a dozen men with picks could knock it to pieces in a few days.—San Francisco Call. Life in Ajaccio. Life in Ajaccio is something like that on board ship. The city square is the deck, the eating house corresponds to the saloon, the coffee house is the smoking room. Private houses serve merely as berths for sleeping and rest. A great deal of walking is done by the residents, but it consists in pacing slowly backward and forth over a limited extent of ground. A hundred yards of promenade, or even less, will suffice. The pedestrian, if he is engaged in conversation, stops often, with the exclamations: "Hold! Listen!" or "That's just what I say!" At an interesting point in his story he taps his companion on the breast and stands facing him for five minutes at a time, discoursing fluently. One day at dinner an English resident was commenting on this peculiarity to a number of Corsicans. "Yes," replied one, "I think the Ajaccians can beat the Parisians. The best lounge I ever met was N—N—of X—. I once walked with him down to the bar, and we did the distance in two hours." The bar and the square are one half mile apart.—"Studies in Corsica."

A MASSACHUSETTS LAWYER. How a Famous Lawyer Passed His Youth In the Old Bay State. Ex-Governor George D. Robinson, senior counsel for Lizette Borden, is of an excellent type of true American manhood and has fairly won his way to prominence as lawyer and statesman. His father, Charles Robinson, was a hardworking New England farmer, whose farm, of moderate extent, was in Lexington, Mass., about two miles north from the center of the town. Charles Robinson was a stalwart, earnest man, and his wife was of a vigorous physique. Both were of kindly disposition and both were much esteemed. They had two sons, Charles and George, both of whom became lawyers. The farmhouse was painted white, with green blinds, and was separated from the country road by a white, paled fence, behind which was a pretty flower garden. On Sundays Charles Robinson and his wife and sons were wont to ride together in their old fashioned covered wagon to the little Unitarian church which faced the village green. In 1855 or 1856 George D. Robinson was a student at Harvard college, whence he frequently went to visit his parents, generally walking to and fro, the distance being about 10 miles each way. He was then a beardless youth, tall and spare, but muscular, and wore a high black silk hat and a black frock suit. His step was long, rapid and elastic, and he strode resolutely along the dusty highway his large, thoughtful, blue gray eyes had an intense, faraway expression, as if even then, nearly 40 years ago, he was striving to fathom the future, which proved to be so full for him of forensic and political triumphs. After he was graduated from Harvard he became a village schoolmaster in what was then the little town of Chicopee, in western Massachusetts, and there continued the course of self denial and indefatigable industry which has since made him famous as lawyer, legislator and chief executive of his native state.—New York Tribune. A Woman Who Proved to Be of Value. Mrs. Laura Orniston Chant, at the congress in Chicago, told an amusing incident illustrating the advantage there may sometimes be in having a woman serve on public boards. In England women are often elected poor law guardians. In one town the board of guardians were highly conservative and were opposed to women on the board, one member objecting especially on the ground that women were incapable of dealing with accounts. Nevertheless a woman was elected, and they were obliged to serve with her. At the next meeting where accounts were to be submitted to the board the lady, in glancing over the paper, said: "Here is a charge of \$4 17s. 8d. (about \$35) for a soup tureen. What does that mean?" She had to explain to them that nobody but a millionaire would be likely to pay such a price for a soup tureen. The gentleman who had declared women unable to understand accounts said in much disgust, "How can you expect me to understand these household details?" She answered quietly: "I don't expect you to understand them. But since you do not, is it not worth while to have some one on the board who does?" It turned out that the guardians had been systematically overcharged for the household supplies furnished, and the addition of that one little woman to the board stopped a great leakage. Like a Gigantic Barrel. For many years Heidelberg university has had the honor of owning the largest barrel, or "tun," as they call it, in the world. They have had the honor, although it does not really belong to them, for Arizona has a barrel that makes theirs fade into insignificance. The one at Heidelberg will not hold liquid; neither will the one in Arizona. In this they are the same, but are different in many other ways. Arizona's barrel is the work of nature, and it is on a high peak of mountain, about five miles from Aguas Calientes, which is in the Catalina mountains, about 16 miles from a railroad. The barrel is one of those peculiar rock formations and is about 300 feet high, and the top of it is at least 2,000 feet above the valley. It can be seen, a few miles before the traveler gets to it, and its appearance is most deceiving. It requires no effort of the imagination to see the large utensil of Bacchus perched on its peak with a glass under a faucet as if ready to be filled. A large fissure in a certain spot forms a bung-hole. It does not look like a barrel unless seen from the plain; on all other sides it is simply a rugged rock. It is a soft granite formation of volcanic origin and is crumbling to pieces all the time. It is so soft that half a dozen men with picks could knock it to pieces in a few days.—San Francisco Call. Life in Ajaccio. Life in Ajaccio is something like that on board ship. The city square is the deck, the eating house corresponds to the saloon, the coffee house is the smoking room. Private houses serve merely as berths for sleeping and rest. A great deal of walking is done by the residents, but it consists in pacing slowly backward and forth over a limited extent of ground. A hundred yards of promenade, or even less, will suffice. The pedestrian, if he is engaged in conversation, stops often, with the exclamations: "Hold! Listen!" or "That's just what I say!" At an interesting point in his story he taps his companion on the breast and stands facing him for five minutes at a time, discoursing fluently. One day at dinner an English resident was commenting on this peculiarity to a number of Corsicans. "Yes," replied one, "I think the Ajaccians can beat the Parisians. The best lounge I ever met was N—N—of X—. I once walked with him down to the bar, and we did the distance in two hours." The bar and the square are one half mile apart.—"Studies in Corsica."

When Mr. Sawyer of Scranton made his first visit to the city, he saw and heard a great many new and strange things, but he was always wary in his comments. One day his little granddaughter enticed him into a restaurant, and leading him to a small table proceeded to order some oysters, a delicacy of which she was extremely fond. "I know you'll like them, grandpa," she said coaxingly, and the old gentleman bravely attacked the unfamiliar object. "Isn't it delicious, grandpa?" inquired the little girl, seeing a strange expression come over her grandfather's face as he took his first mouthful. "Well, I presume to say it may be," said Mr. Sawyer in a noncommittal tone, "but doesn't it appear to you to be just a little milder under baked in the middle?"—Youth's Companion. "Quick Consumption." In 1855 or 1856 George D. Robinson was a student at Harvard college, whence he frequently went to visit his parents, generally walking to and fro, the distance being about 10 miles each way. He was then a beardless youth, tall and spare, but muscular, and wore a high black silk hat and a black frock suit. His step was long, rapid and elastic, and he strode resolutely along the dusty highway his large, thoughtful, blue gray eyes had an intense, faraway expression, as if even then, nearly 40 years ago, he was striving to fathom the future, which proved to be so full for him of forensic and political triumphs. After he was graduated from Harvard he became a village schoolmaster in what was then the little town of Chicopee, in western Massachusetts, and there continued the course of self denial and indefatigable industry which has since made him famous as lawyer, legislator and chief executive of his native state.—New York Tribune. A Woman Who Proved to Be of Value. Mrs. Laura Orniston Chant, at the congress in Chicago, told an amusing incident illustrating the advantage there may sometimes be in having a woman serve on public boards. In England women are often elected poor law guardians. In one town the board of guardians were highly conservative and were opposed to women on the board, one member objecting especially on the ground that women were incapable of dealing with accounts. Nevertheless a woman was elected, and they were obliged to serve with her. At the next meeting where accounts were to be submitted to the board the lady, in glancing over the paper, said: "Here is a charge of \$4 17s. 8d. (about \$35) for a soup tureen. What does that mean?" She had to explain to them that nobody but a millionaire would be likely to pay such a price for a soup tureen. The gentleman who had declared women unable to understand accounts said in much disgust, "How can you expect me to understand these household details?" She answered quietly: "I don't expect you to understand them. But since you do not, is it not worth while to have some one on the board who does?" It turned out that the guardians had been systematically overcharged for the household supplies furnished, and the addition of that one little woman to the board stopped a great leakage. Like a Gigantic Barrel. For many years Heidelberg university has had the honor of owning the largest barrel, or "tun," as they call it, in the world. They have had the honor, although it does not really belong to them, for Arizona has a barrel that makes theirs fade into insignificance. The one at Heidelberg will not hold liquid; neither will the one in Arizona. In this they are the same, but are different in many other ways. Arizona's barrel is the work of nature, and it is on a high peak of mountain, about five miles from Aguas Calientes, which is in the Catalina mountains, about 16 miles from a railroad. The barrel is one of those peculiar rock formations and is about 300 feet high, and the top of it is at least 2,000 feet above the valley. It can be seen, a few miles before the traveler gets to it, and its appearance is most deceiving. It requires no effort of the imagination to see the large utensil of Bacchus perched on its peak with a glass under a faucet as if ready to be filled. A large fissure in a certain spot forms a bung-hole. It does not look like a barrel unless seen from the plain; on all other sides it is simply a rugged rock. It is a soft granite formation of volcanic origin and is crumbling to pieces all the time. It is so soft that half a dozen men with picks could knock it to pieces in a few days.—San Francisco Call. Life in Ajaccio. Life in Ajaccio is something like that on board ship. The city square is the deck, the eating house corresponds to the saloon, the coffee house is the smoking room. Private houses serve merely as berths for sleeping and rest. A great deal of walking is done by the residents, but it consists in pacing slowly backward and forth over a limited extent of ground. A hundred yards of promenade, or even less, will suffice. The pedestrian, if he is engaged in conversation, stops often, with the exclamations: "Hold! Listen!" or "That's just what I say!" At an interesting point in his story he taps his companion on the breast and stands facing him for five minutes at a time, discoursing fluently. One day at dinner an English resident was commenting on this peculiarity to a number of Corsicans. "Yes," replied one, "I think the Ajaccians can beat the Parisians. The best lounge I ever met was N—N—of X—. I once walked with him down to the bar, and we did the distance in two hours." The bar and the square are one half mile apart.—"Studies in Corsica."

When Mr. Sawyer of Scranton made his first visit to the city, he saw and heard a great many new and strange things, but he was always wary in his comments. One day his little granddaughter enticed him into a restaurant, and leading him to a small table proceeded to order some oysters, a delicacy of which she was extremely fond. "I know you'll like them, grandpa," she said coaxingly, and the old gentleman bravely attacked the unfamiliar object. "Isn't it delicious, grandpa?" inquired the little girl, seeing a strange expression come over her grandfather's face as he took his first mouthful. "Well, I presume to say it may be," said Mr. Sawyer in a noncommittal tone, "but doesn't it appear to you to be just a little milder under baked in the middle?"—Youth's Companion. "Quick Consumption." In 1855 or 1856 George D. Robinson was a student at Harvard college, whence he frequently went to visit his parents, generally walking to and fro, the distance being about 10 miles each way. He was then a beardless youth, tall and spare, but muscular, and wore a high black silk hat and a black frock suit. His step was long, rapid and elastic, and he strode resolutely along the dusty highway his large, thoughtful, blue gray eyes had an intense, faraway expression, as if even then, nearly 40 years ago, he was striving to fathom the future, which proved to be so full for him of forensic and political triumphs. After he was graduated from Harvard he became a village schoolmaster in what was then the little town of Chicopee, in western Massachusetts, and there continued the course of self denial and indefatigable industry which has since made him famous as lawyer, legislator and chief executive of his native state.—New York Tribune. A Woman Who Proved to Be of Value. Mrs. Laura Orniston Chant, at the congress in Chicago, told an amusing incident illustrating the advantage there may sometimes be in having a woman serve on public boards. In England women are often elected poor law guardians. In one town the board of guardians were highly conservative and were opposed to women on the board, one member objecting especially on the ground that women were incapable of dealing with accounts. Nevertheless a woman was elected, and they were obliged to serve with her. At the next meeting where accounts were to be submitted to the board the lady, in glancing over the paper, said: "Here is a charge of \$4 17s. 8d. (about \$35) for a soup tureen. What does that mean?" She had to explain to them that nobody but a millionaire would be likely to pay such a price for a soup tureen. The gentleman who had declared women unable to understand accounts said in much disgust, "How can you expect me to understand these household details?" She answered quietly: "I don't expect you to understand them. But since you do not, is it not worth while to have some one on the board who does?" It turned out that the guardians had been systematically overcharged for the household supplies furnished, and the addition of that one little woman to the board stopped a great leakage. Like a Gigantic Barrel. For many years Heidelberg university has had the honor of owning the largest barrel, or "tun," as they call it, in the world. They have had the honor, although it does not really belong to them, for Arizona has a barrel that makes theirs fade into insignificance. The one at Heidelberg will not hold liquid; neither will the one in Arizona. In this they are the same, but are different in many other ways. Arizona's barrel is the work of nature, and it is on a high peak of mountain, about five miles from Aguas Calientes, which is in the Catalina mountains, about 16 miles from a railroad. The barrel is one of those peculiar rock formations and is about 300 feet high, and the top of it is at least 2,000 feet above the valley. It can be seen, a few miles before the traveler gets to it, and its appearance is most deceiving. It requires no effort of the imagination to see the large utensil of Bacchus perched on its peak with a glass under a faucet as if ready to be filled. A large fissure in a certain spot forms a bung-hole. It does not look like a barrel unless seen from the plain; on all other sides it is simply a rugged rock. It is a soft granite formation of volcanic origin and is crumbling to pieces all the time. It is so soft that half a dozen men with picks could knock it to pieces in a few days.—San Francisco Call. Life in Ajaccio. Life in Ajaccio is something like that on board ship. The city square is the deck, the eating house corresponds to the saloon, the coffee house is the smoking room. Private houses serve merely as berths for sleeping and rest. A great deal of walking is done by the residents, but it consists in pacing slowly backward and forth over a limited extent of ground. A hundred yards of promenade, or even less, will suffice. The pedestrian, if he is engaged in conversation, stops often, with the exclamations: "Hold! Listen!" or "That's just what I say!" At an interesting point in his story he taps his companion on the breast and stands facing him for five minutes at a time, discoursing fluently. One day at dinner an English resident was commenting on this peculiarity to a number of Corsicans. "Yes," replied one, "I think the Ajaccians can beat the Parisians. The best lounge I ever met was N—N—of X—. I once walked with him down to the bar, and we did the distance in two hours." The bar and the square are one half mile apart.—"Studies in Corsica."

When Mr. Sawyer of Scranton made his first visit to the city, he saw and heard a great many new and strange things, but he was always wary in his comments. One day his little granddaughter enticed him into a restaurant, and leading him to a small table proceeded to order some oysters, a delicacy of which she was extremely fond. "I know you'll like them, grandpa," she said coaxingly, and the old gentleman bravely attacked the unfamiliar object. "Isn't it delicious, grandpa?" inquired the little girl, seeing a strange expression come over her grandfather's face as he took his first mouthful. "Well, I presume to say it may be," said Mr. Sawyer in a noncommittal tone, "but doesn't it appear to you to be just a little milder under baked in the middle?"—Youth's Companion. "Quick Consumption." In 1855 or 1856 George D. Robinson was a student at Harvard college, whence he frequently went to visit his parents, generally walking to and fro, the distance being about 10 miles each way. He was then a beardless youth, tall and spare, but muscular, and wore a high black silk hat and a black frock suit. His step was long, rapid and elastic, and he strode resolutely along the dusty highway his large, thoughtful, blue gray eyes had an intense, faraway expression, as if even then, nearly 40 years ago, he was striving to fathom the future, which proved to be so full for him of forensic and political triumphs. After he was graduated from Harvard he became a village schoolmaster in what was then the little town of Chicopee, in western Massachusetts, and there continued the course of self denial and indefatigable industry which has since made him famous as lawyer, legislator and chief executive of his native state.—New York Tribune. A Woman Who Proved to Be of Value. Mrs. Laura Orniston Chant, at the congress in Chicago, told an amusing incident illustrating the advantage there may sometimes be in having a woman serve on public boards. In England women are often elected poor law guardians. In one town the board of guardians were highly conservative and were opposed to women on the board, one member objecting especially on the ground that women were incapable of dealing with accounts. Nevertheless a woman was elected, and they were obliged to serve with her. At the next meeting where accounts were to be submitted to the board the lady, in glancing over the paper, said: "Here is a charge of \$4 17s. 8d. (about \$35) for a soup tureen. What does that mean?" She had to explain to them that nobody but a millionaire would be likely to pay such a price for a soup tureen. The gentleman who had declared women unable to understand accounts said in much disgust, "How can you expect me to understand these household details?" She answered quietly: "I don't expect you to understand them. But since you do not, is it not worth while to have some one on the board who does?" It turned out that the guardians had been systematically overcharged for the household supplies furnished, and the addition of that one little woman to the board stopped a great leakage. Like a Gigantic Barrel. For many years Heidelberg university has had the honor of owning the largest barrel, or "tun," as they call it, in the world. They have had the honor, although it does not really belong to them, for Arizona has a barrel that makes theirs fade into insignificance. The one at Heidelberg will not hold liquid; neither will the one in Arizona. In this they are the same, but are different in many other ways. Arizona's barrel is the work of nature, and it is on a high peak of mountain, about five miles from Aguas Calientes, which is in the Catalina mountains, about 16 miles from a railroad. The barrel is one of those peculiar rock formations and is about 300 feet high, and the top of it is at least 2,000 feet above the valley. It can be seen, a few miles before the traveler gets to it, and its appearance is most deceiving. It requires no effort of the imagination to see the large utensil of Bacchus perched on its peak with a glass under a faucet as if ready to be filled. A large fissure in a certain spot forms a bung-hole. It does not look like a barrel unless seen from the plain; on all other sides it is simply a rugged rock. It is a soft granite formation of volcanic origin and is crumbling to pieces all the time. It is so soft that half a dozen men with picks could knock it to pieces in a few days.—San Francisco Call. Life in Ajaccio. Life in Ajaccio is something like that on board ship. The city square is the deck, the eating house corresponds to the saloon, the coffee house is the smoking room. Private houses serve merely as berths for sleeping and rest. A great deal of walking is done by the residents, but it consists in pacing slowly backward and forth over a limited extent of ground. A hundred yards of promenade, or even less, will suffice. The pedestrian, if he is engaged in conversation, stops often, with the exclamations: "Hold! Listen!" or "That's just what I say!" At an interesting point in his story he taps his companion on the breast and stands facing him for five minutes at a time, discoursing fluently. One day at dinner an English resident was commenting on this peculiarity to a number of Corsicans. "Yes," replied one, "I think the Ajaccians can beat the Parisians. The best lounge I ever met was N—N—of X—. I once walked with him down to the bar, and we did the distance in two hours." The bar and the square are one half mile apart.—"Studies in Corsica."

When Mr. Sawyer of Scranton made his first visit to the city, he saw and heard a great many new and strange things, but he was always wary in his comments. One day his little granddaughter enticed him into a restaurant, and leading him to a small table proceeded to order some oysters, a delicacy of which she was extremely fond. "I know you'll like them, grandpa," she said coaxingly, and the old gentleman bravely attacked the unfamiliar object. "Isn't it delicious, grandpa?" inquired the little girl, seeing a strange expression come over her grandfather's face as he took his first mouthful. "Well, I presume to say it may be," said Mr. Sawyer in a noncommittal tone, "but doesn't it appear to you to be just a little milder under baked in the middle?"—Youth's Companion. "Quick Consumption." In 1855 or 1856 George D. Robinson was a student at Harvard college, whence he frequently went to visit his parents, generally walking to and fro, the distance being about 10 miles each way. He was then a beardless youth, tall and spare, but muscular, and wore a high black silk hat and a black frock suit. His step was long, rapid and elastic, and he strode resolutely along the dusty highway his large, thoughtful, blue gray eyes had an intense, faraway expression, as if even then, nearly 40 years ago, he was striving to fathom the future, which proved to be so full for him of forensic and political triumphs. After he was graduated from Harvard he became a village schoolmaster in what was then the little town of Chicopee, in western Massachusetts, and there continued the course of self denial and indefatigable industry which has since made him famous as lawyer, legislator and chief executive of his native state.—New York Tribune. A Woman Who Proved to Be of Value. Mrs. Laura Orniston Chant, at the congress in Chicago, told an amusing incident illustrating the advantage there may sometimes be in having a woman serve on public boards. In England women are often elected poor law guardians. In one town the board of guardians were highly conservative and were opposed to women on the board, one member objecting especially on the ground that women were incapable of dealing with accounts. Nevertheless a woman was elected, and they were obliged to serve with her. At the next meeting where accounts were to be submitted to the board the lady, in glancing over the paper, said: "Here is a charge of \$4 17s. 8d. (about \$35) for a soup tureen. What does that mean?" She had to explain to them that nobody but a millionaire would be likely to pay such a price for a soup tureen. The gentleman who had declared women unable to understand accounts said in much disgust, "How can you expect me to understand these household details?" She answered quietly: "I don't expect you to understand them. But since you do not, is it not worth while to have some one on the board who does?" It turned out that the guardians had been systematically overcharged for the household supplies furnished, and the addition of that one little woman to the board stopped a great leakage. Like a Gigantic Barrel. For many years Heidelberg university has had the honor of owning the largest barrel, or "tun," as they call it, in the world. They have had the honor, although it does not really belong to them, for Arizona has a barrel that makes theirs fade into insignificance. The one at Heidelberg will not hold liquid; neither will the one in Arizona. In this they are the same, but are different in many other ways. Arizona's barrel is the work of nature, and it is on a high peak of mountain, about five miles from Aguas Calientes, which is in the Catalina mountains, about 16 miles from a railroad. The barrel is one of those peculiar rock formations and is about 300 feet high, and the top of it is at least 2,000 feet above the valley. It can be seen, a few miles before the traveler gets to it, and its appearance is most deceiving. It requires no effort of the imagination to see the large utensil of Bacchus perched on its peak with a glass under a faucet as if ready to be filled. A large fissure in a certain spot forms a bung-hole. It does not look like a barrel unless seen from the plain; on all other sides it is simply a rugged rock. It is a soft granite formation of volcanic origin and is crumbling to pieces all the time. It is so soft that half a dozen men with picks could knock it to pieces in a few days.—San Francisco Call. Life in Ajaccio. Life in Ajaccio is something like that on board ship. The city square is the deck, the eating house corresponds to the saloon, the coffee house is the smoking room. Private houses serve merely as berths for sleeping and rest. A great deal of walking is done by the residents, but it consists in pacing slowly backward and forth over a limited extent of ground. A hundred yards of promenade, or even less, will suffice. The pedestrian, if he is engaged in conversation, stops often, with the exclamations: "Hold! Listen!" or "That's just what I say!" At an interesting point in his story he taps his companion on the breast and stands facing him for five minutes at a time, discoursing fluently. One day at dinner an English resident was commenting on this peculiarity to a number of Corsicans. "Yes," replied one, "I think the Ajaccians can beat the Parisians. The best lounge I ever met was N—N—of X—. I once walked with him down to the bar, and we did the distance in two hours." The bar and the square are one half mile apart.—"Studies in Corsica."

When Mr. Sawyer of Scranton made his first visit to the city, he saw and heard a great many new and strange things, but he was always wary in his comments. One day his little granddaughter enticed him into a restaurant, and leading him to a small table proceeded to order some oysters, a delicacy of which she was extremely fond. "I know you'll like them, grandpa," she said coaxingly, and the old gentleman bravely attacked the unfamiliar object. "Isn't it delicious, grandpa?" inquired the little girl, seeing a strange expression come over her grandfather's face as he took his first mouthful. "Well, I presume to say it may be," said Mr. Sawyer in a noncommittal tone, "but doesn't it appear to you to be just a little milder under baked in the middle?"—Youth's Companion. "Quick Consumption." In 1855 or 1856 George D. Robinson was a student at Harvard college, whence he frequently went to visit his parents, generally walking to and fro, the distance being about 10 miles each way. He was then a beardless youth, tall and spare, but muscular, and wore a high black silk hat and a black frock suit. His step was long, rapid and elastic, and he strode resolutely along the dusty highway his large, thoughtful, blue gray eyes had an intense, faraway expression, as if even then, nearly 40 years ago, he was striving to fathom the future, which proved to be so full for him of forensic and political triumphs. After he was graduated from Harvard he became a village schoolmaster in what was then the little town of Chicopee, in western Massachusetts, and there continued the course of self denial and indefatigable industry which has since made him famous as lawyer, legislator and chief executive of his native state.—New York Tribune. A Woman Who Proved to Be of Value. Mrs. Laura Orniston Chant, at the congress in Chicago, told an amusing incident illustrating the advantage there may sometimes be in having a woman serve on public boards. In England women are often elected poor law guardians. In one town the board of guardians were highly conservative and were opposed to women on the board, one member objecting especially on the ground that women were incapable of dealing with accounts. Nevertheless a woman was elected, and they were obliged to serve with her. At the next meeting where accounts were to be submitted to the board the lady, in glancing over the paper, said: "Here is a charge of \$4 17s. 8d. (about \$35) for a soup tureen. What does that mean?" She had to explain to them that nobody but a millionaire would be likely to pay such a price for a soup tureen. The gentleman who had declared women unable to understand accounts said in much disgust, "How can you expect me to understand these household details?" She answered quietly: "I don't expect you to understand them. But since you do not, is it not worth while to have some one on the board who does?" It turned out that the guardians had been systematically overcharged for the household supplies furnished, and the addition of that one little woman to the board stopped a great leakage. Like a Gigantic Barrel. For many years Heidelberg university has had the honor of owning the largest barrel, or "tun," as they call it, in the world. They have had the honor, although it does not really belong to them, for Arizona has a barrel that makes theirs fade into insignificance. The one at Heidelberg will not hold liquid; neither will the one in Arizona. In this they are the same, but are different in many other ways. Arizona's barrel is the work of nature, and it is on a high peak of mountain, about five miles from Aguas Calientes, which is in the Catalina mountains, about 16 miles from a railroad. The barrel is one of those peculiar rock formations and is about 300 feet high, and the top of it is at least 2,000 feet above the valley. It can be seen, a few miles before the traveler gets to it, and its appearance is most deceiving. It requires no effort of the imagination to see the large utensil of Bacchus perched on its peak with a glass under a faucet as if ready to be filled. A large fissure in a certain spot forms a bung-hole. It does not look like a barrel unless seen from the plain; on all other sides it is simply a rugged rock. It is a soft granite formation of volcanic origin and is crumbling to pieces all the time. It is so soft that half a dozen men with picks could knock it to pieces in a few days.—San Francisco Call. Life in Ajaccio. Life in Ajaccio is something like that on board ship. The city square is the deck, the eating house corresponds to the saloon, the coffee house is the smoking room. Private houses serve merely as berths for sleeping and rest. A great deal of walking is done by the residents, but it consists in pacing slowly backward and forth over a limited extent of ground. A hundred yards of promenade, or even less, will suffice. The pedestrian, if he is engaged in conversation, stops often, with the exclamations: "Hold! Listen!" or "That's just what I say!" At an interesting point in his story he taps his companion on the breast and stands facing him for five minutes at a time, discoursing fluently. One day at dinner an English resident was commenting on this peculiarity to a number of Corsicans. "Yes," replied one, "I think the Ajaccians can beat the Parisians. The best lounge I ever met was N—N—of X—. I once walked with him down to the bar, and we did the distance in two hours." The bar and the square are one half mile apart.—"Studies in Corsica."

When Mr. Sawyer of Scranton made his first visit to the city, he saw and heard a great many new and strange things, but he was always wary in his comments.